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THE REAL

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™



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WHERE ARE THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS?



What's going on here? Why is Slimer all on his own, and where are **The Real Ghostbusters** I hear you nosey lot cry. Well, just remember that all good things come to those who wait, and all will be revealed in **Alone Again, Supernaturally!**

Have you ever had an urge to *shake a leg* in Somerset? Well, if the answer's yes, then chances are you'll have kept quiet about it! Anyhow, you'll shake with fear when you read this week's strip story, **Dancing Ghouls!** It could turn you off Morris Dancers for life (not a bad thing really!) Together with the usual features, we offer you a real stomach churner in **Spooky Spam!** Should be a few converted veggies after that one, or I'm a brussel sprout – don't say a word!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

LONDON AIRPORT, ENGLAND...

SO, WHAT'S THE SCORE WITH THIS BUST, RAY?

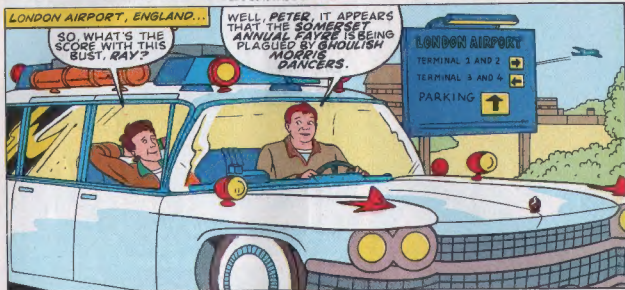
WELL, PETER, IT APPEARS THAT THE SOMERSET ANNUAL FAYRE IS BEING PLAGUED BY GHOULISH MORRIS DANCERS.

LONDON AIRPORT

TERMINAL 3 AND 2

TERMINAL 3 AND 4

PARKING

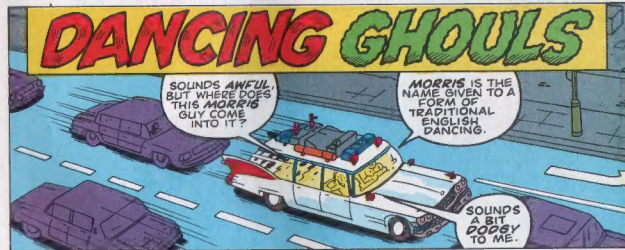


DANCING GHOULS

SOUNDS AWFUL BUT WHERE DOES THIS MORRIS GUY COME INTO IT?

MORRIS IS THE NAME GIVEN TO A FORM OF TRADITIONAL ENGLISH DANCING.

SOUNDS A BIT DODGY TO ME.



SOON, IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET...

GHOSTBUSTERS THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE ARRIVED.

WELCOME TO THE SOMERSET ANNUAL FAYRE

JUST SHOW US THIS MORRIS CHARACTER AND WE'LL SORT HIM OUT. NOTHING IS TOO MUCH TROUBLE FOR THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS.

THIS IS THE THIRD YEAR IT HAS HAPPENED. WHEN THE REAL MORRIS DANCERS START TO PERFORM, A GHOULISH MORRIS TEAM APPEAR AND FRIGHTEN AWAY ALL THE VISITORS.

I'M NOT SURPRISED IF THEY ALL LOOK LIKE THAT!





YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US. WE'RE LOSING OUR AUDIENCE. BESIDES WE'RE NOT THAT BAD.

I CAN'T KEEP LOSING MONNY. THESE GHOULS ARE FRIGHTENING AWAY THE CROWDS!



NEVER FEAR, THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS ARE HERE.

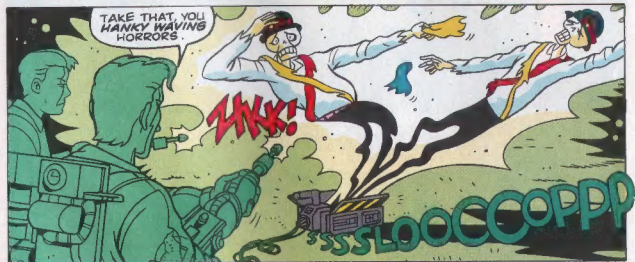
WE'LL BUST THE BELLS OUT 'EM! OKAY, HEAT 'EM UP!



TAKE THAT YOU HANKY WAVING HORRORS

ZNKK!

SSSLOOCCOPPP



SOON...

THANKYOU SO MUCH. THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS HAVE SAVED THE DAY.

IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR...



OH NO. NOT AGAIN!



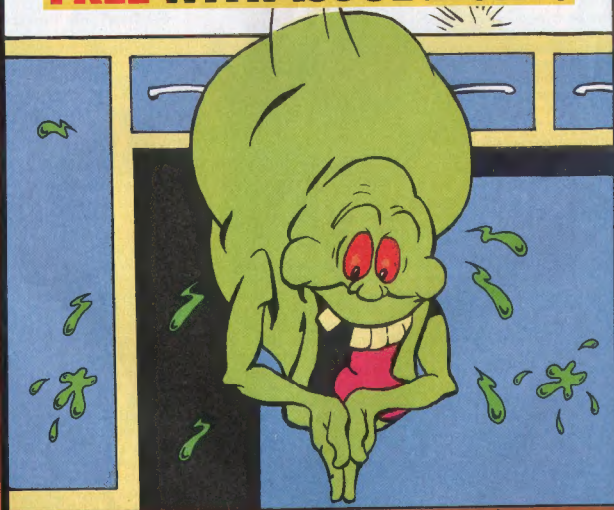


DIVE INTO A SCRUMPTIOUS

SLIMER!

CHEWY BAR-

FREE WITH ISSUE EIGHT!



BEFORE SLIMER GETS THERE FIRST!

FROM MARVEL®

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT GUIDE

Ritual dance plays an important part in the folklore of many countries, and ties in closely with many aspects of the occult. Primitive peoples would perform intricate dances at particular times of the year, usually to encourage their gods to do them a favour. There are several famous examples: the rain dance of the North American Indian, the successful hunt dance of the Dum Wakka Dum Wakka tribe, the hopping about from foot to foot of the Alaskan shoeless Eskimos and so on.

An interesting study was made recently by Colin Vondahuck, the grandson of the famous psychic investigator, into the meaning of many folk dances from around the world. In a telling piece of analysis, he examined the Morris Dance that is traditionally performed in parts of Widdlecombe and Natterhampton in Britain. This dance, called 'Old Ranty's Nudger' or sometimes 'Old Ranty's Come Down Doozy Oh' has been handed down from father to son from time immemorial. It's mentioned in the Domesday Book (I translate freely from the Old Norman): "...in Widdlecombe there are ninety acres, four pigs, three cows, a brace of pheasant and twelve daft bozo's who do a



PART 94

silly dance. Zut! These Saxons are mad, you know..."

Colin Vondahuck says that 'Ranty' is probably the Spirit of Winter.

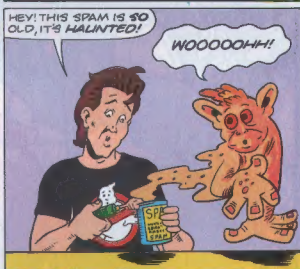
The men wear straw hats to show that though winter is approaching, the sun is still with them. They tie string round the legs of their white trousers to keep out Mr Frost. The bells are meant to symbolise the crisp chattering of teeth on winter mornings, and the stout, beechwood 'nudgers' are stuck together to show that if 'Old Ranty' tries a trick like freezing the water butt again this year he'll get a seeing to.

Compare this to the 'Full Huffton's Spinning Gusty' danced each year in Pleat, Gumptionshire. The twelve dancers meet on the village

green under the stone of St Tonsil the Bronchial, and begin to 'spin the gusty' down the High Street. When all of the dancers have been struck firmly with the ceremonial pig's bladder on a stick, the 'Gustyman' (usually the eldest dancer present) puts a bag on his head and chases the others with a large hoe. The chase (in which the participants are only allowed to hop) goes on until all the dancers have been fully 'Hufftoned' i.e. struck in the small of the back with the hoe and left for dead by the roadside. Then the Gustyman makes his way to the tithe barn, raps thrice on the west wall and shouts "I'll have a hoe-down derry do...Bob."

Problems do arise. If the bag on the Gustyman's head is too thick, he can't see a thing, and in recent years he's ended up in the post office (1982), the greenhouse at number 17 (1983 and 1984), the millpond (1979, 1981, 1986 and 1988) and on the 15:16 to Reading (1989). The dance was abandoned last year after the three raps on the west wall brought the whole barn down on top of the Gustyman. At the time of writing, no one has the faintest idea why any of this is done, and it is likely no one ever had. The Normans were right.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



ALONE AGAIN SUPERNATURALLY!



Story JOHN FREEMAN © Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD and ROBIN BOUTTELL

If you want to find a Ghostbuster, then Ghostbusters HQ is the place for it, isn't it?

"YEEEEEEEEEEEEEGLEKEEEE!" screamed Slimer.

It was when he found no food in the fridge that he knew something was wrong. Not even a mouldy piece of cheese stuck behind the thermostat – things were looking bad. Not as bad, of course, as waking up to find all the Ghostbusters had disappeared, including Janine. But when he was hungry, Slimer thought of his stomach first and friends second. And Slimer was very hungry . . .

He'd woken up as usual in his corner of the bedroom, and reached out for his specially prepared seventeen-decker fish paste and black cherry yoghurt sandwich. To his horror, it had vanished! Blinking awake, he hovered over to Ray's bed. Surely Ray hadn't eaten it? No! No Ray. No Peter, no Egon and no Winston either. The place was deserted.

So he'd drifted through the floor into the kitchen, shouting for his buddies. No reply. Janine must be in, he had thought. "JANINEEEEEEB!" he shouted. No reply. This was worrying, because she'd promised to bring him a triple-decker salami and custard sandwich for his breakfast – and it was now well past his breakfast. Then Slimer had found the fridge was empty – horror of horrors!

The green ghost sank miserably to the floor and sniffed, loudly. He was very worried. Slimer's stomach rumbled ominously in agreement. "Whatdoeee?" he moaned. "Lookee for Ghostbuster, perhaps?"

The telephone rang on Janine's desk. "Job must be and no Ghostbusterees," wailed Slimer, racing to the desk and picking up the phone. "GOOOODEEE MOROWNING, Ghostbusteree HQ, how can I burble you?"

"Hey, this is a bad line," came a loud voice from the other end of the phone. "Or have you got a cold?"

"No coldee," replied, "Helping Ghostbusteree am. Help you, too?"

"What? Yeah, well listen, I've got this poltergeist in my lounge, right, keeps switching TV channels on me just when the soccer starts. Can you take care of it?"

"Hurrmm?"

"I'll give you money, cash – just get here!" pleaded the voice.

"Okedokey, coming am," said Slimer and dived into the telephone. A few seconds later, he emerged in a tenement block in Maine, scaring the life out of an ill-shaven, tousle haired man.

"You Ghostbusters are supposed to get rid of ghosts!" he screamed into the phone, wiping slime off the ear piece. "Not send me more of them!"

Slimer slipped into the lounge and sniffed around suspiciously. No poltergeist. He looked at the comfortable lounge in front of the TV, then at the bowl of popcorn at its side. "Hmm," said Slimer, reaching under the cushions with one hand and tipping the bowl of popcorn into his mouth with the other.

"Probleee solved," he grinned, throwing the man a TV remote control.

"Sitteeonit," explained Slimer. "Changeecjhnannels with your –"

"Yeah, well thanks," the man said quickly, reaching for his wallet. "How much do I owe you?"

"No ghostee – no chargee," replied Slimer. "Thankee popcorn!"

With that, he dived back into the telephone, which was still off the hook. "Easy was," murmured Slimer, putting the phone back on the hook. He looked around. ECTO-1 was not in the garage, something he hadn't noticed before. His friends must have all gone out on a bust – a big one too, if they'd all gone, especially if they'd needed Janine. "No Ghostbusters?" he grinned, helping himself to Janine's secret supply of chocolate

in the bottom draw of her desk. "I help!" The phone rang again. A para demon was eating cars in Soho. Slimer suggested the caller put salt on the cars. Then the other phone rang, and this time it was a ghostly gargoyle throwing rubbish onto the streets of Ninety Seventh Street. "Amazeeam that anyone noticed," commented Slimer, picking up the third phone as it nearly rang itself off the hook.

"HEY!" came a loud voice at the end of the phone.

"HOEEEEEE!" replied Slimer. "Ghostbusters HQ, how mayee help?"

"I live just down the street from you," shouted a woman. "There's a ghost in my fridge and it's eating all my food!"

"Shoggin!" replied Slimer. "Be right there!" He dived into the phone once more, leaving the others ringing.

Ten minutes later he was back at Ghostbusters HQ, stomach full, with a very loud woman screaming down the phone at him.

"You're not supposed to get rid of one ghost by sending me another one with a bigger appetite!" the angry woman screamed.

"Sendee bill," sniffed Slimer. "Peter buddybuddy will pay. Thankee for food!" With that he put the phone down. He was very pleased with himself – having actually busted the ghost. It was the same one, he'd discovered, who had helped himself to all the food in the HQ. The phones continued ringing. "Wow," said Slimer, "tiring this is!"

The woman from Soho rang back. The salt on the cars idea had worked, and a cheque was in the post. Another call. A ghostly tramp was begging on Broadway – could the Ghostbusters do anything? Slimer suggested putting salt on the cars. After all, it had worked before.

In Central Park, three ghostly joggers were causing mayhem near the lake. Slimer told the caller to tie all their shoelaces together and expect someone to deal with it soon. In the Bronx, a pompous property agent was having

problems with ghosts refusing to move from a tenement, and scaring the builders.

"Good," replied Slimer, "tired of hearing people being put on the streets by likes of you."

The phones kept ringing and Slimer kept answering them, giving advice where he could, and pretending he knew what to do when he didn't. Most people seemed happy with his replies, once they could understand them! The phones just didn't seem to stop ringing . . .

He took a quick look at the clock near Janine's desk. "Eleven o'clock! Timeee for breake!" squealed Slimer, putting the phone down and finishing off the last of Janine's chocolate supply.

"Quick nap," he murmured, closing his eyes and sinking to the floor.

Two minutes later he was sound asleep – so asleep he didn't hear ECTO-1 drive into the garage, or hear five slime covered Ghostbusters get out of it, each of them blaming the other for letting them get soaked in the stuff. Janine found Slimer first. "Typical," she muttered, wiping her glasses clean of slime. "Yeah," said Peter, holding up a smoking Ghost Trap. "We do all the work and Slimer does nothing but sleep through all the excitement . . ."

Slimer rolled over, grinning in his sleep. "Popcorneeee," he wheezed.



GONKISS KHAN

First there was silence, then the wind began to howl. Lightning arced across the skies and manhole covers exploded in showers of sparks. Then came the sound of hundreds of horses hooves thundering down the freeway.

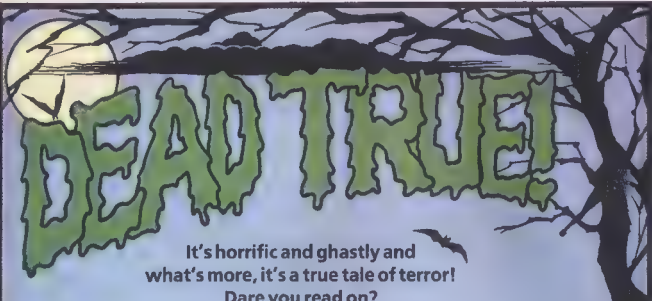
When the Real Ghostbusters arrived at Central Park in the late night gloom they could see the pale, misty glow that boiled and swirled. Soon this was joined by the noise of horses and the crackle of electrical storms . . . the ghostly fog began to take shape!

Huge barbarian riders on huge horses, spears at their sides, looking impossibly fierce and ill-mannered, appeared. It was the ghostly manifestations of the clan of Gonkiss Khan, the most brutal, savage, merciless vandal, cut-throat and general naughty person of them all.

With his ceremonial pointy jab-jab stick in his hand, Gonkiss Khan apologised for the noise and asked for directions to the Municipal Museum of Antiquity where there was an exhibition: 'Gonkiss Khan; Pillage and Pointy Jabbing in Feudal Europe'.


Peter did not believe a word of this and promptly put his Proton Gun to good use. With a cry of 'They've seen through our ruse!', Gonkiss Khan and his followers disappeared in a wave of protonic energy.





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



ong ago, a young woman called Miss St. Denis stayed in a farm deep in the English countryside. She had purposely chosen such a remote spot to paint and sketch in solitude, and so was somewhat startled one afternoon to sense the presence of somebody close by. She turned to discover an outline of a large figure hidden in the shadows, but what disturbed her slightly was the fact that the intruder was staring intently in her direction. She decided to overcome her fear by confronting the stranger, but when Miss St. Denis called out, she was greeted by an eerie silence, which unnerved her even more.

Dusk was falling, she quickly gathered up her canvasses and paints and walked as briskly as she could in the direction of the farmhouse. Only the sound of her footsteps could be heard, yet still she felt an unwelcome presence. The route back to the farm was rather bleak and lonely and soon she would be nearing the pathway by the jagged cliffs! She had to do something, her imagination was running riot and terrifying her. She suddenly swung round and called out: 'Who are you? What the devil do you want with me?' She caught her first glimpse of the stranger as he came closer, only he wasn't of human form!

Although it walked like a human, the head

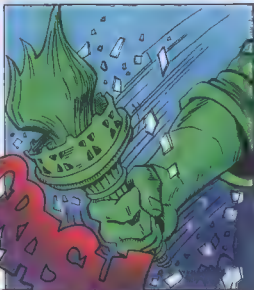
was wolf-like, bearing big sharp, pointy fangs. The creature was fast approaching and she reached instinctively for her torch. A beam of light was thrust upon the snarling face. Huge, grey, fur-covered hands enveloped the eyes as it cringed, and backed off from the glow.

She later discovered that just before her arrival in the area, a strange skeleton had been unearthed in a local quarry – strange, because it appeared to be part human and part animal. Some say, the complete shape of a werewolf. Miss St. Denis' holiday had gone the way she had planned – almost. She had not wanted any human company!



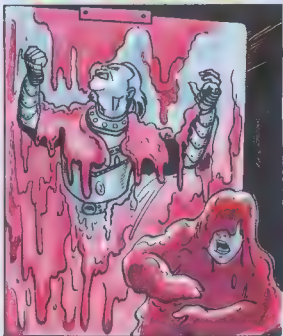
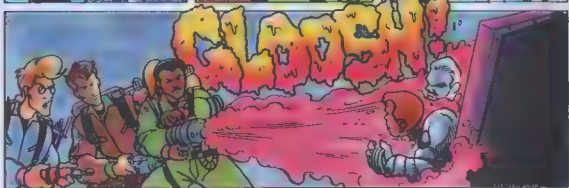
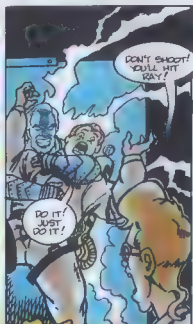
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ in GHOSTBUSTERS II

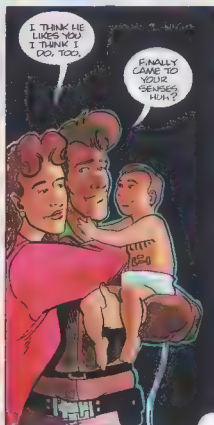
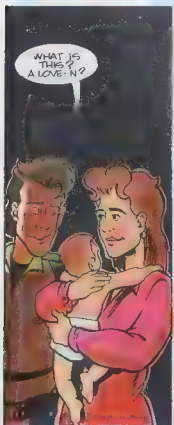
Part Seventeen: It's midnight, New Year's Eve and Vigo the Carpathian has risen from the grave. Only the Statue of Liberty, ridden by the Ghostbusters, can stop him.

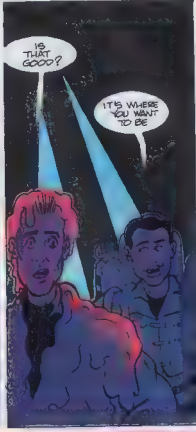


YOU PITIFUL, MISERABLE CREATURES! YOU DARE TO CHALLENGE THE POWER OF DARKNESS? DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU ARE DEALING WITH? YES, VIGO, YOU ARE LIKE THE BUZZING OF FLIES TO HIM!











MEET THE...



**PACKED WITH FUN AND
ADVENTURE EVERY FORTNIGHT!**

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



Who sits at the bottom of the sea and makes offers you can't refuse?

The Godfather!

— Vincenzo Castronvo,
Waltham Cross

Why do vampires drink blood?
Because ginger beer makes them burp!

— Sangar Manokkan, London

What kind of boats do vampires travel in?
Blood vessels!

— Andrew Whittaker, Morecambe

Why did the young ghost push his father in the deep freeze?
Because he wanted some iced pop!

— Robin Kelsie, Gringley-on-the-Hill

What did one ghost say to the other?

Do you believe in people?!

— Nicholas Finney, Alresford

What goes black, white, black, white, black, white?

A penguin rolling down a hill!

— David Andrew Stevens, S. Oxfordshire.



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To my newsagent:
Please reserve me a copy of
Marvel's **THE REAL GHOST-
BUSTERS** comic every week.
Reserve it for collection*/
Deliver it with our regular
paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

.....

**SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN**

.....

GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Yippee! Welcome to another crammed full, spilling over the brim, Ghostbusters' post bag! Wow!

Dear Peter. . .

Do you do any other work apart from Ghostbusting?
— Nicholas Onions, Stafford.

Ghostbusting is a full-time job! In any spare time I get I sleep!

I have a couple of questions for you:

1. Why don't you like Slimer?
 2. Can ghosts write?
 3. Does the Proton Pack blast people as well as ghosts?
 4. Do you snore?
- Sabrina Myles, Co. Meath.

1. He slimed me! The first thing he did when he first set eyes on me was to slime me! So is it so unfair if I dislike the li'l spud!
2. Egon tells me that some classes of ghost can actually

write, but that what they write is, on the whole, not worth reading. Weather this is actually true or not is difficult for me to say as I have no real compulsion to read anything by one! 3. Accidents to sometimes happen, though since people aren't made purely from negative ions, it doesn't have such an adverse effect on them! 4. I beg your pardon! How rude!

I think your comic is brilliant and I get it every week. I have a question for you: When are you going to have ECTO-3 in your comic?
— Adam Hatton, Hextable.

Sooner than you think, Adam, sooner than you think!

I am your biggest fan. My sister thinks you are a show-off, she loves Ray.

1. Will you ever shut-up?
 2. Do you really like Slimer?
- Nicholas Thomson, Merthyr Tydfil.

Hmm. 1. No way! 2. No way!

1. In Issue eighty-one ('We Three Things!') did you let the ghosts go free?
2. I think Blimey! It's Slimer is brilliant. Could it be put on a page?
— Shane Ferguson, Co. Wicklow.

1. Of course we set them free. We're not completely heartless!
2. It is on a page. It's on page twenty-four!

1. Why does Egon hardly ever

smile?

2. When Winston writes his diary, how does he get all of the writing into the small space in his diary?

— Stephen Foote, Taunton

1. It's because he's a scientist! They tend to think about things a bit too much, and are therefore rather serious! 2. It's not actually that diary that he writes in. He's got two diaries: one for important things and one for the adventures that he tells you. Obviously the one for his adventures is a lot bigger!

1. Why do some ghosts talk and some ghosts just make noises?
2. Why doesn't Slimer ever lose slime?
3. How comes that the signs kept on changing in Issue sixty-three's Blimey! It's Slimer?
— Paul Linfield, Chester.

1. It's all to do with their ectoplasmic make-up. And I bet you didn't know that some ghosts wear ectoplasmic make-up! 2. He does lose slime, but he generates it again by feeding himself! 3. That's probably due to the ghost that appeared in Issue ninety!

Please could you answer these few questions:

1. Is it true that Slimer has his very own comic?
 2. I know that Egon designed the Proton Pack and Ray built it, but who built the Proton Guns and the Ghost Traps?
- Geoffrey Dearth, London.

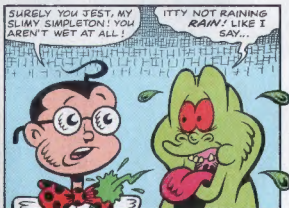
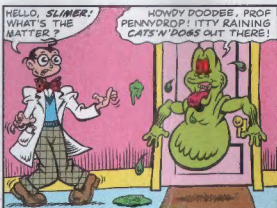
1. Yep, it's true; and jolly good it is too! 2. They designed and built those as well!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

READY! STEADY! GHOUL!



IN JUST 7 DAYS



the Rose

ADVERTISEMENT

GRANDSTAND®

CALLING....
STOP THIEF!!

BALLY'S SHOWNING HIS FRIENDS HIS NEW PARABOLIC MICROPHONE



"LET'S HAVE A GO..." SAYS JANE, NIKEN...



STOP THIEF!!!



LOOK! HIS DINKS! WALKIE TALKIES ON... LET'S GO!

LET'S FOLLOW!



I'LL FOLLOW HIM! YOU THREE TRY TO HEAD HIM OFF



THEY'RE ON BROOK STREET

I'LL TELL THE POLICE

HOW CLOSE ARE YOU?



A BIG MISTAKE...



...IT'S A BLIND ALLEY



NEARLY THERE

YES IN THOMAS LANE... IT'S A DEAD END!!



O.K... OVER AND OUT



AND SO...

LATER...



THANK YOU SO MUCH! BUT HOWEVER DID YOU FIND MY PURSE?



THE END

GRANDSTAND CALLING..... KEEP IN TOUCH

GRANDSTAND®



LONG RANGE WALKIE TALKIE



CELLULAR WALKIE TALKIE



PARABOLIC MICROPHONE



METAL FINDER



HANDS FREE WALKIE TALKIE



PLUS!!
THE POTTER'S SET
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